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MEDELSSOHN'S UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

We are sorry to be compelled to recur to this subject; but duty overpowers inclination, and whatever may be our inclination, our duty forces us to go on until the question be virtually settled. We had hoped that the arguments of our contributor, Mr. Macfarren, which are unanswerable, and his deductions, which are irrefutable, would have convinced, at least, everybody in this country—where the name of Mendelssohn is venerated—of the strict justice of our views and the impregnable strength of our position. It appears not, however, since Mr. Charles Horsley, "an intimate friend of Mendelssohn's during eighteen years," has written a letter to express his dissent. This letter was commented upon by Mr. Macfarren, in a gentlemanly and forbearing tone; though, for our own parts, we must confess to entertain no sympathy whatever with its contents. We can see nothing in the letter but a great mistake, or a great indifference. The mistake would be pardonable—not so the indifference. We were, indeed, struck with astonishment on reading that part of Mr. Horsley's communication which bears relation to the *Reformation Symphony*. How "an intimate friend of eighteen years" can resign himself so easily to the loss of so much of what remains of Mendelssohn, we are at a pause to explain. Equally hard is it to understand how a reasonable man, much more a lover of music, still much more a musician, and most of all "an intimate friend of eighteen years," can be persuaded, by the force of mere gossip, to submit to the loss of a grand symphony, on a grand subject, composed by the man who was the object of that intimate friendship, without a murmur, if not with a smile of approval. What, after all, is the tale about Mendelssohn having played over this symphony to Mr. K—— and Mr. H——, and that Mr. K—— (which Mr. K—— denies) should have been of opinion that it was not so good as other works? What but gossip—gossip of the idlest and most ephemeral? According to Mr. Horsley, Mendelssohn composed the *Reformation Symphony* in 1827. Moreover, according to the same authority, he did not like it so much as his other, or some of his other works. Good! But how are we to account for the fact, that twenty years later, in 1847, when Mendelssohn died, he had still preserved the score? Grant that it may not be so good as the overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, immediately after which it was composed. What then? Is that sufficient ground for shelving or destroying it? On the same plan, Mr. Horsley might dispatch his oratorio of *Joseph*, which more than one Mr.

K——, and more than one Mr. H——, consider inferior to its predecessor, *David*. But Mr. Horsley knows better than to commit a work so full of good things as *Joseph* to the flames; and Mr. Horsley will surely not deny that, in a long work like the *Reformation Symphony*, composed by the author of the overture of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* directly subsequent to that singularly fascinating and original inspiration, there would be found, in all probability, so much of beauty, ingenuity, and freshness, as to make it nothing short of a crime to rob the world of it for ever. As Mr. Macfarren has justly hinted, its weaknesses, if there be any, will in no way injure Mendelssohn's reputation, which can only be qualified by the at present unknown beauties it may reveal.

We do not admire the "gossip" line of argument, or we might counter-say to all that Mr. Horsley and others may have said, that we have ourselves heard Mendelssohn allude to his *Reformation Symphony* in terms of respect and affection, nine years after it was composed,* and that Mr. Benedict, one of the best musicians living (also "an intimate friend of more than eighteen years,") has expressed a very opposite opinion on the merits of the work to that cited by Mr. Horsley. But all this "tu quoque" argument vanishes before a plain and simple proposition. Mendelssohn died without having burned his manuscripts, and without leaving directions for their partial or entire destruction; and no living individual can assume to himself the responsibility of doing that which Mendelssohn left undone and which he gave no directions for being done by others. In the name of the world, then, we protest against any interference with the world's prerogative. These manuscripts are not like bundles of letters or notes, the publication of which might be unpleasant to the feelings of any one living; they are links in the chain of a great artistic life, not one of which is without interest. The world has a right to all, except the money they may bring; and as there are publishers ready and anxious to place them in the hands of the engraver (in England, at least, whatever there may be in Leipsic) they should not be withheld a day longer than the requisite supervision and collation may demand.

Meanwhile, whatever may be our own opinion, we are bound to make known that of a near relation of the late composer—viz., his brother, Herr Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy—who differs from the views we entertain. That gentleman

* In 1836, at Dusseldorf.

has forwarded a letter to us, through the intervention of a friend in London, which letter was addressed to another paper, but has not, we believe, appeared. We therefore publish it, reserving to ourselves the right of comment.

To the Editor of the ———, London.

"SIR,—In your paper of the 6th December, I read in the report of Mr. Jullien's concert, the following remarks:—

"It was, we believe, with no small difficulty, that the publishers obtained the score of Mendelssohn's Symphony in A from Messrs. Hauptmann, Moscheles, Rietz, and David; and, but that the copy was known to exist in the library of the Philharmonic Society, it stood a fair chance of being lost to the world, like another and a later orchestral work, the *Reformation Symphony*."

"The position assumed by the above-named professors, is indeed quite inexplicable, and, unless it can be defended by solid arguments (which scarcely appears possible), may lead to remonstrances and enquiries, that had far better been avoided."

The author of that report has certainly derived his information from sources none of the purest.

As to the publication of the symphony in A, the four gentlemen named never entertained a doubt; this was decided upon without any regard to the existence of a copy being in possession of the Philharmonic society, and no difficulties of any kind whatsoever were raised. My evidence is authentic, as I was the party acting between the publishers and the four gentlemen named. As concerns the laying by the *Reformation Symphony*, this work of Felix Mendelssohn's early youth (the composition of which occurred long before that of the symphony in A, and which Felix Mendelssohn never once performed anywhere in concurrence with his own judgment), after conscientious examination was not considered suitable for publication.

Do these four gentlemen deserve to be attacked for that reason with enmity and suspicion? Is it desired that they, who are themselves of the best artists, and best judges of art in Germany; they, the faithful friends of Felix Mendelssohn, should give up their own judgment about this one or other of his posthumous works? At all events, the family Mendelssohn concurs entirely in their proceedings, and owes them true gratitude for the services they have rendered in publishing the works Mendelssohn left behind him; and from them these gentlemen have neither to expect remonstrances nor inquiries.

From the general and great influence your paper exercises, and from the great love my brother bore to England, and which he held in honour as his second fatherland, I hold it to be my duty to appear before the English public as the grateful defender of the four Leipsic gentlemen, and for which purpose I beg of you to afford these lines space in your Journal.

"I am, Sir, yours, most obediently,

"PAUL MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

"Berlin, Dec. 11th, 1852."

What relates to the *Reformation Symphony* has been answered by anticipation; and we have only to add that the remarks of Herr Paul Mendelssohn Bartholdy have not induced us to alter our opinion. During twenty years Mendelssohn preserved the score—a fact which outweighs all that can be said against the propriety of publishing it. The world is made aware of its being an early work, and does not feel the less

interest in it for that reason. The world claims it, with the rest of the MSS., as its undoubted property; and the world must have it. Let those who assume the responsibility of suppressing or destroying it, accept the consequences if they dare. With regard to the A major symphony, we have only to state that Mendelssohn died in 1847, and that the great work in question was not published till 1850. The world at once acknowledged it as a masterpiece; yet the Leipsic four (although the piano-forte arrangement for two performers had already been made by Mendelssohn), were *three years* considering whether it should be given to the publisher. It is difficult to reconcile this with Herr Paul Mendelssohn's statement—which, nevertheless, we are bound to accept with due respect. The gratitude which the brother of Mendelssohn professes to feel for what M. M. Moscheles, Hauptmann, Rietz, and David, have done for Mendelssohn's manuscripts, is wholly incomprehensible. They have been more than five years at work, and yet may be said to have scarcely more than begun their task. Moreover, they have allowed a piano-forte arrangement of the overture to *Ruy Blas* (for four hands) to appear, which the respect we entertain for their musical attainments—not to speak of their excessive chariness in allowing anything questionable to appear—induces us to believe they can never have seen. The truth is, as Mr. Macfarren suggests, the Leipsic quorum have not time to attend to the task with which they have been charged. They are otherwise fully employed, and it is not to be expected that, after a hard day's labour, they should waive their evening's relaxation for such a dry labour as the examination of their deceased friend's manuscripts. We can imagine how they must have perspired after the task of selecting the six pieces that comprise the seventh book of *Leider ohne worte*, now published. The world cannot reasonably expect another in less than three years; although enough material for an eighth, a ninth, if not for a tenth book, is supposed to exist. Perhaps, however, if—as has been properly suggested—the four gentlemen were paid for their pains, they might, for a while, postpone their own special and more interesting occupations, and, turning their united attention to the MSS. of the author of *Elijah*, select and hand over to the publisher one or two more pieces annually.

We have more to say on the subject; but must defer it till next week. Meanwhile, we have a question to ask: When the MSS. entrusted to M. M. Moscheles, Hauptmann, Rietz, and David, shall have been published, or rejected, as those great authorities may consider fit, are the MSS. which Mendelssohn's widow handed over to the care of Mendelssohn's friend, Herr Schlednitz, to be examined in turn; or are they to be locked up in a strong box, and consigned to oblivion, with the *Reformation Symphony*, and the sketch of *Christus*?

Awaiting a reply, we refer the reader to another communication from Mr. Macfarren, which will be found immediately below.

12, Blomfield Terrace, Westbourne Terrace,
Jan. 31st, 1853.

MY DEAR MACFARREN.

Mr. Klingemann has requested me to correct an error, into which I have unintentionally fallen, respecting the *Reformation Symphony*.

At the time it was written, Mendelssohn approved of it; but, again referring to it after a lapse of time, he expressed his decided intention never to publish it, nor to have it performed. This took place some time previous to the first performance of the *Huguenots*. This statement, while it completely exonerates Mr. Klingemann from having passed an unfavourable judgment on a work by Mendelssohn, also as completely confirms my assertion that this symphony was not a favourite with the composer, and that the gentlemen appointed to publish the posthumous works, are quite justified in withholding it.

The insertion of this note in the next number of the *Musical World* will greatly oblige me, and, at the same time, it need involve no infraction of your wish to renew the discussion on this subject.

Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES EDWARD HORSLEY.

G. A. Macfarren, Esq.

The above is printed in compliance with Mr. Horsley's wish, and this necessitates my writing again on a subject which is of too much importance to the memory of a great man and the interests of posterity, for my resolution of silence, however well founded, to induce me to leave, what I believe to be, a false impression of it before the world.

Let us admit the statement of Mr. Klingemann made through Mr. Horsley. This by no means invalidates the account of my informants, that, at a later period, Mendelssohn again thought well of a work, which, having originally greatly esteemed, he at one time depreciated, or, if you will, disregarded.

But even this, I think, is little to the purpose. Mendelssohn was the composer of his own music; the world is the rightful inheritor of it, and the only competent judge. Within these few days, a gentleman has told me that, being at the time a director of our Philharmonic Society, he once said to Mendelssohn, that it was intended to repeat his *Symphony in A major*—that written for the Society—at the ensuing concert, when Mendelssohn requested that it might not be played, stating that he was discontented with the last movement, and that he wished the work might not be again performed in public, until he should substitute something new for this portion of it. In consequence of such expressed wish of the composer, the work was not given at the time, nor, I believe, for several seasons afterwards.

The *Symphony in A major* is now no longer hidden in the library of the Philharmonic Society; it is made familiar to the public from the constant performances of that institution, and of other societies and individuals, who find it one of the most attractive, interesting, and effective works that can be included in a programme, no less than from the printed copies. The world has decided that the *Symphony in A major* is one of the best compositions of Mendelssohn, and that the last movement, the *saltarello*, is equal, if not superior, to any portion of the work.

Upon the principle upon which the suppression of the

Reformation Symphony is so unjustly recommended—Mendelssohn's wavering esteem of its merits—the *symphony in A major* should also be suppressed, and in this case the reputation of the composer would have lost one of its brightest glories—the art he so greatly adorned one of its richest treasures.

From the composition of the *Reformation Symphony*, in 1827, to the death of Mendelssohn, in 1847—twenty years—had the repugnance of Mendelssohn to the work which is so earnestly repudiated been genuine, and not the fitfulness of the passing caprice of a certainly capricious man, there was surely abundant time to have destroyed the copy, and so to have precluded the possibility of its being turned to improper account, when the time should arrive of its being beyond the composer's control. Mendelssohn did not destroy, but preserved it carefully, and we, the world, have therefore the right to demand it, in common with all he wrote, of his unjustly tardy executors.

Such are my views, uninfluenced, unprompted by any other party, public or private. Of course I believe them to be the correct views, or I should not in the first instance have intruded the expression of them upon the public; and, so believing, I owe it to myself and the subject, that any contrary representation of the matter that must pass through my hands into press, should not pass without comment—without an explanation of what, in my opinion, is the untenableness of its argument.

G. A. MACFARREN.

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION, MILE END.—The third concert of the season at this, the most wealthy and flourishing of the Literary Institutes of London, took place on Tuesday se'nnight. The room, including the gallery, was, as usual, well filled. The vocalists were Madame Fiorentini, (her first appearance here), Miss Dolby, Miss Messent, Messrs. Henri Drayton, Alfred Pierre, and James Howe. The instrumentalists were Mr. R. A. Brown, (organ), and Mr. B. Wells, (flute). We must confine ourselves to the especial popularities of the selection. Miss Dolby, the most tuneful of our native nightingales, sang Mr. S. Glover's song, "Mary Astor," with her usual deeply impassioned expression, and wonted effect, the song being loudly encored. Contrasted with this, was her quiet and delicate humour in the popular Scotch melody, "Charlie yet." Madame Fiorentini—the bird of paradise—was encored in an aria, the honour, however, being due to the singer rather than to the song. The Spanish melody, which she sang afterwards, better deserved the encore it obtained, especially as it called forth the histrionic powers of the fair artiste, who delivered it in the manner of a Spanish contadina. Miss Messent, the linnet of linnets, was encored in Linley's popular song, "Come out to me," and afterwards displayed the magic of her voice and natural grace in Mr. Land's pretty ballad, "When shall I come to thee." This song written, as the bills inform us, expressly for her, adds another to the long list of offerings of the same kind laid at the Syren's feet. Miss Messent was afterwards encored in Fioravanti's singing lesson which she sang with Mr. Henri Drayton. This gentleman was vociferously called upon to repeat Russell's song "Come brothers, arouse." Mr. James Howe gave an "historical extravaganza," written in the style of John Parry's songs, and stuffed with such extravagant humour and voluble absurdity of fun, that the audience called loudly for some more, which Mr. Howe accordingly gave them. Mr. Alfred Pierre, a debutant, as we were informed in the room, has a tenor voice and sang a ballad of A. Lee's with much taste and expression. The organ, with the exception of a preliminary and a concluding flourish, was mute throughout the evening, and this, with the money and means at the disposal of the directors, is scarcely as it should have been. In short, the selections here, admirably as they are always performed, are often without that infusion of classical music which public taste is now beginning universally to demand.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET.

This eminent and popular professor of the piano has announced the fourth season of his series of performances of Classical Pianoforte Music, to take place at the Hanover-Square Rooms, commencing on Saturday, February the 19th. Among the artists already engaged we perceive the names of Messrs. Sainton, Molique, Jansa, Goffrie, W. F. Reed, Piatti, Bottesini, Lutgen, Clinton, Barrett, and Jarrett, as instrumentalists; and the Misses Dolby and Poole, and Madame Macfarren, as vocalists.

The programme of the first concert augurs well for the conduct of the entire series. M. Alexandre Billet presents his subscribers, on the opening night, among other choice *morceaux*, with Mendelssohn's quartet in F minor, for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello; the same composer's "Characteristic Stücke," No. 4, in A major, and the "Presto Scherzando," in F sharp minor; and Beethoven's grand trio, in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello.

This is, indeed, a grand beginning, and cannot fail to enlist all amateurs of the piano under the banner of M. Alexandre Billet, who has shown himself so able and politic a general at the very outset of the musical war. We congratulate M. Alexandre Billet on so auspicious a commencement to his fourth season.

Foreign.

NEW YORK.—ITALIAN OPERA.—ALBONI AT THE BROADWAY.—Alboni has appeared in three operas, *Cenerentola*, *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and *La Sonnambula*. Her success in the first two operas we have already recorded. As *Amina*, in *Sonnambula*, she surpassed all her previous triumphs. Alboni is a queen by nature, and, at the same time, she is a guileless girl. The spectator feels, as he gazes upon her countenance, that he is in the presence of a superior being—superior in genius, superior in goodness, and superior in depth and purity of affection. He is taken captive—he is enslaved; and whatever Alboni does, he considers just right. Now, whether this be romance or reality, matters not to us. We don't care to analyze it. It is possible—nay, probable—that one could so dissect the effect Alboni produces upon him, and so anatomise her performance, as to prove conclusively (to himself, at least) that the latter is quite faulty, and the former more imaginary than real, and thus come to the conclusion that he does not enjoy her in opera at all; but he would be very foolish to do so. For our part, we prefer to believe in Alboni's superiority, and to be led captive by her charms.

SONTAG AT NIBLO'S.—A large, elegantly-dressed, and highly fashionable audience assembled at Niblo's, on Monday evening last, to witness Sontag's *début* in opera. She appeared as *Maria* in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and was supported by Badiali as Sulpizio, Pozzolini as Tonio, and Carl Eckert as Conductor. The scenery, costumes, &c. were faultless, far surpassing anything of the kind ever before seen in New York. This added greatly to the general effect, and went far towards securing the success of the piece.

Sontag's conception and impersonation of the character of *Maria* are totally different from those of any other prima donna we have ever seen. She evidently thinks *Maria* must have been a warm-hearted, mischievous, and empty-headed girl, possessed of much spirit and little intellect. Whether Sontag is right in her conception of the character, cannot, of course, be determined. *Maria* is an imaginary being, and each mind invests her with whatever attributes it fancies. She was a

vivandière. There are hundreds of *vivandières*, but we doubt if there be two alike; and if there be not two real live *vivandières* alike, how can we expect any close resemblance of imaginary ones? All that an actress can do, is to show how she thinks she would act if placed in certain situations and surrounded by certain circumstances. The prima donna who is to personify *Maria* first imagines how she would have acted had she been brought up as *Maria* was, and surrounded by like influences; and then she endeavours to exhibit her conceptions to her audience. The auditor observes, he listens; and if her conception of the character agrees with his, he says she is a great actress—a remarkable creature; but if her conception does not please him, he says—more or less, according to circumstances.

We prefer Alboni's *Maria* to Sontag's; simply, we suppose, because it accords best with our nature. Were we a soldier, lying on the damp, cold ground, with a sabre cut across our cranium, and our countenance ploughed up by a musket ball, we should hail the appearance of Alboni's *Maria* with delight, with inexpressible joy. We know she would bind up our wounds, and nurse us back to health in the most kind, loving, and womanly manner imaginable. But we should not be so glad to see Sontag's *Maria* under the same circumstances. She might pity and help us, and she might not. We should be afraid she would crack some sharp jokes at our awkward appearance. She would be apt to leave our couch of suffering to attend a ball. Sontag's *Maria* is a brilliant, beautiful, fascinating creature; just the person one would prefer to flirt with, whom one would be proud of as a companion at a gay party; but we think any one would prefer Alboni's *Maria* for a wife.

Sontag is a consummate actress. She delineates her conception of a character in a manner at once striking, beautiful, clear, and unmistakable. In this respect, we never saw her superior, and perhaps not her equal. She thoroughly identifies herself with her character; and, whether transported with joy, overwhelmed with grief, or excited with rage—whether in laughter or tears, hoping or desponding, petulant or gleeful, she exhibits so much grace, elegance, and culture, that to withhold one's admiration is impossible. Sontag will pardon the remark that she is nearly half a century old, for it is made in order to enhance the credit due to her artistic performances. Notwithstanding her years, she is as young in heart and mind as a girl of eighteen. She is the best preserved woman in the world, and she will always be young, no matter how long she lives. Were she but eighteen, her impersonation of *Maria* would be considered superior—indeed, first-rate; but now, it is truly marvellous.

MR. FRY'S Seventh Lecture was given on Tuesday evening last, at Metropolitan Hall. The subject was, "The English Language for lyrical uses considered, and contrasted with other languages."

GOTTSCHALK, the celebrated pianist, arrived in the Humboldt on Monday last.

BARCELONA.—From private letters we learn the continued success of Madame Jullienne, at the opera here. Since the last account she has sung in the last acts of *Norma* and the *Favourite*, in Verdi's *I Lombardi*, and Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*, in all of which she has been received with distinguished favour. The new opera, *Jane Shore*, the music by Signor Bonetti, will be produced immediately for Madame Jullienne. A great success is anticipated from this work. All the artistes appear satisfied with their parts.

AMSTERDAM.—A new theatre is being built on the "Butter market," which is to cost 400,000 guilders (£34,000). There

is to be a gallery of crystal round the building intended for shops and "Restaurationen."

DRESDEN.—The widow of Weber lately died in this city.

VIENNA.—On the 2nd January a concert was given in the saloons of the Musical Union, by HERR W. KUHE, from London, which the *Allgemeine Theater Zeitung* says, was highly successful. The critics mention, in particular, the delicacy of his touch, which was exceedingly admired, and that in execution Herr Kuhe is not inferior to the pianists of the first rank. Amongst other works, Herr Kuhe performed a fantasia on the *Prophete*, and an *Etude* entitled "La Gondola," which was encored. The papers speak in terms of praise about his compositions. The vocalists were Mdlle. Weiser and Herr Holzel. All the tickets were sold a day previous to the concert, which proves Herr Kuhe to be highly popular in Vienna.

Herr Stigelli gave a concert early in January, which was crowdedly attended. He is a great favourite, as he is decidedly one of the best interpreters of the charming songs of Franz Schubert; he was encored in "Troekne Blumen," (Ye flow'rets that to me she gave) and "Der Müller und Der Bach" (When my tender heart.) Herren Egghardt (piano), and Seiffert (violin), gave their valuable assistance.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CLASSICAL MUSICAL SOCIETY.—Fifth concert, —Town-hall, Manchester, Jan 27th, —Musical director, Charles Hallé, Esq.

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

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| Quintet—Pianoforte, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (In C Minor, Op. 52) | L. Spohr. |
| Aria—Madame D'Anterny, "Di piacer" | Rossini. |
| Sonata Appassionata—Pianoforte, (In F minor, Op. 47) | Beethoven |

Part Second.

- | | |
|--|----------------|
| Trio—Pianoforte, Clarinet, and Violoncello (in B Flat, Op. 11) | Beethoven. |
| Chansonette—Madame D'Anterny, "La Bouquetière" | De Clemenceau. |
| Presto Scherzando—Pianoforte, (In F Sharp minor) | Mendelssohn. |

The above selection was in delightful contrast and variety to its predecessors, although not perhaps of such surpassing interest, or exhibiting such a phalanx of talent in the executants. Hallé was, (as he always is at the piano-forte), truly great; and the selection seemed adapted to bring out his individual talent in greater prominence than usual. Mendelssohn and Beethoven alone furnish such an ample store in this class of composition, and of such exceeding variety, beauty, and excellence, that it is but rarely an opportunity occurs to give a specimen in the same school—by Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, Weber, or our greatest living composer, Spohr. Such an opportunity was afforded at the above concert, and an admirable work of the latter writer was given—his quintet in C minor (op. 52), for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello. The allegro moderato is full of beauty; a most elegant cantabile is it for the first violin—now played with great fervour by Mr. Seymour—with brilliant runs on the pianoforte at the same time by Hallé, and nicely accompanied by the other three stringed instruments, in the able hands of Messrs. Baetens, Kauffman (an amateur on the tenor) and Lidel. The second movement, although not wanting in the usual characteristics of Spohr's "chromatic progression of harmonies," is much more simple and less elaborate, and it is in fact desirable to be so, for the third and fourth movements are most energetic, wild, and impetuous, calling for a pianist of no small skill to render the obligato part (which is really allotted to the pianoforte) at all intelligibly; all this was done with masterly

ease by Hallé. He led off the trio which follows the dreamy minuet in most dashing style; generally Spohr, himself a violinist, makes the violin principal, and we know no quintet in which the pianoforte part is so prominent or so brilliant, as in these two movements, the finale, "allegro molto," being to the full as much so as the trio. All through his arduous task Hallé was well supported by his able coadjutors; the trio and finale were warmly applauded. Beethoven's extraordinary "sonata appassionata," was given in Hallé's best style; his giant grasp of the full chord, with which the first movement opens (the wonderfully deep and mysterious "Allegro assai," with its wild and unwonted modulations, yet so strictly in keeping with the impassioned character of the whole sonata), his gentle tones in the reposeful "andante con moto," and his energetic working out of the elaborate third and last movement, the "allegro ma non troppo presto," were beyond all praise. There was nothing to criticise,—we could but listen with pleasure, both at the work, and Hallé's charming rendering of it, for it was nothing less. The trio which opened the second part is an unusual combination, being for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello; it is a pleasing specimen of Beethoven's early works, and but for an occasional touch of his identity in some passages for the pianoforte, in the adagio and finale, we should, on hearing it without a programme, have pronounced it to have been by Mozart. It was admirably played, and served to introduce a debutant of these concerts, in Herr Grasse on the clarinet, who has lately come to take first clarinet at the Concert Hall here, in place of Mr. Sorge. He has a nice pure tone, is easy and fluent in his execution, and we should say is the most promising resident clarinet player Manchester has yet had. Hallé's final piece was a solo of Mendelssohn's, called "Presto Scherzando," in F sharp minor, in which his power and command of all the resources of the pianoforte was again displayed, and, as usual, all his solos were given from memory; it is this that, in a great work like the "Appassionata Sonata," causes his reading to have all the effect of improvisation without its irregularities.

The only vocalist was a Madame D'Anterny, said to be at present a resident in Liverpool, who gave the well-worn "Di piacer" and a French chansonette, "La Bouquetière," with good effect. She has evidently been well taught, and had great experience, but alack! these do not bring back the charms of youth and freshness, which were alone wanting to render her appearance at Hallé's concert *un grand succès*.

The amateur concert, to be given to Mr. J. Thorne Harris, is announced now for Tuesday, the 15th inst., at the Athenæum Library Hall. His first and last Chamber Concert took place on Thursday last, the 3rd inst.—Will report upon, if possible, in time next *Musical World*.

Mr. E. W. Thomas, we see, is succeeding so well in Liverpool, with his Promenade Instrumental Concerts, *à la Jullien*, that he is about to try them at the Free Trade Hall here, on the 8th inst., when he announces the first of a series of ten concerts. We have as yet had no reply to our query about a pianoforte solo arrangement of the leading subjects, or *motivi*, in Beethoven's Trio, Op. 70, No. 2; or his A minor Sonata, dedicated to Kreutzer (Op. 47, we think). Surely some of the clever musicians who have arranged the whole of his "Fidelio," "Adelaide," and other songs, with words—for the pianoforte without words—must have seen what beautiful reminiscences might thus be afforded, at many a home, of some delightful chamber concert! Chamber concerts in private life are rare; and will be, so long as we have so few good amateurs on the strings; but good pianoforte players are abundant enough. Can none of the music publishers answer our query as repeated above?

The Monday Evening Concert season terminated on the 24th ultimo; and on Monday last (the 31st ult.) the benefits commenced. First and foremost, as he deserved it to be, came that of Mr. David Ward Banks, the clever, praiseworthy, painstaking, indefatigable conductor. With excellent tact and judgment, Mr. Banks selected for his programme chiefly the successful pieces of the past season; the consequence was, a most attractive bill of fare, and a hall most densely crowded. If M. Jullien's farewell was the greatest audience he ever had in Manchester, assuredly

Mr. Banks's benefit was the greatest bumper ever attracted to a Monday evening concert, at the Free Trade Hall. There was additional attraction, too, provided for his friends, by Mr. Banks. In the number of principal vocalists, all the favourites appeared—Miss Louisa Vinning (the once infant Sappho), Miss Milner, Mrs. Winterbottom, Messrs. Perring, Winn, and Delavanti; another attraction was a solo on the violin, for Mr. C. A. Seymour, by De Beriot. To give an idea of the plenteous store of sweet sounds provided, and the hungry—we had almost said greedy—state of the audience, we need only say that there were twenty-two pieces in all given—ten in the first part and twelve in the second; and six were encored, making a total of 28! and one of the Sappho songs only escaped a *third* encore by her adroitly coming forward, making a curtesy, and then retiring. Miss Vinning never appeared to better advantage, never was more fascinating in her manner, or sang more charmingly. She was encored in every song; her first was Glover's "I love the merry sunshine," for which she gave "Comin thro' the rye;" on the repeat, her second, "The lass o' Gowrie," replaced by one of Jenny Lind's Swedish melodies; her last was her own Laughing Galop, which she could not change, so had to sing it a second time. Miss Milner sang well, especially in the English version of "Di piacer;" and in ditto of "La ci darem," with Mr. Winn. Mrs. Winterbottom was in good voice, and looking remarkably well; she was encored in "When sorrow sleepeth." Mr. Winn got a like compliment for the caballetta of Wallace's "This heart by woe o'eraken," beginning "No! my courage now regaining," which he sings very spiritedly. Mr. Perring took too much pains with the too-much used *Sommambula Scena*. We never heard the popular "Still so gently," more flatly received. Mr. Delavanti got an encore by his comic grimace in the "Groves of Blarney," and substituted "Katty Molloy." The choir had not so much to do, from there being so many solos; they did the little they had to do exceedingly well, especially Mendelssohn's "Hunting chorus," Meithardt's "Echo chorus," and two operatic selections—one from an old one of Bishop's, "Let the lively banjo play," and the "Instant Vengeance," from Donizetti's *Lucia*, both with principals. Our friend Seymour played De Beriot's solo for the violin in very good style, and was warmly encored. Altogether it was a regular feast of no less than three hours' duration, and every body seemed delighted. To Mr. Banks it must have been very gratifying to meet with such a reception, and to see his arduous labours so well appreciated and remunerated by such a bumper benefit.

Dramatic.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Monday last the season commenced at this house under the most favourable auspices. A more fashionable, intelligent, and we may add indulgent audience, was perhaps never assembled within the walls of any theatre. All were attentive, and all seemed bent upon being amused, nor were their expectations in any way disappointed. The great star of the evening was Ravel, the very pearl of grotesque actors, who speaks, moves, and looks as nobody else can do; whose every shrug commands a ready laugh, and whose *bons mots*, however pointless, are received on parole. Quaintness of diction, and mobility of feature are his peculiar characteristics; when he speaks he evokes shouts of laughter, and when he is silent his contortions and by-play keep up the excitement. The two pieces in which Ravel played on Monday last were very good samples of his acting. Of the pieces themselves we cannot say much, they are quite of the Palais Royale school, which is more given to practical jokes and broad humour than to refinement of language or genuine wit. The jokes do not sparkle like diamonds, they fall upon us with the force of sledge-hammers. The first was entitled *Un Monsieur qui suit les femmes*, known to the English public under the title of *Kensington Gardens*. By the way, we submit with due humility that the translators, who do the business of the London managers, shall

henceforth condescend to own the source from which they derive their productions, and that the managers shall also deign to notice the same in their bills. As reform in theatricals is now the order of the day, we opine that the parties here alluded to will cheerfully adopt our ideas on such matters, and conform to our suggestions. As regards the improvements made by the translator, we are not sure that they at all deserve the name. But to return to our subject matter. Ravel was rich beyond description as the gentleman who follows ladies; none come amiss to him; dames of high or low degree equally attract his attention; he is untiring in his persecutions. He dodges them among the trees and statues of the garden of the Tuileries with wonderful perseverance. His first appearance on the stage elicited a loud burst of laughter, as he flitted about the garden in pursuit of one of the fair sex, who turns out after all to be an old acquaintance. After a variety of adventures, our friend Duchemin—such is the name of the gent who follows ladies—catches a tartar in the person of Clémence, who, to get rid of him, boldly invites him to dinner at her own house. Our hero accepts, and here his troubles begin. To revenge on him the annoyance she has experienced, Clémence presents him to her husband and friends as "the gentleman whom I do not know," and relates her adventure. Here however he meets with a young lady to whom he is attached, and by taking advantage of the scandal which he has contrived to collect in the course of his adventurous expeditions, he obliges them all to consent to his marriage with Matilde, who is the niece of Clémence. This scene was highly humorous, and was admirably played by Ravel, who kept the house in a roar as he went through the different phases of the character. We may also notice as a genuine bit of comedy, that part of the scene in which he wins the consent of Clémence by threatening to expose to the world her philanthropy in visiting in disguise the dwellings of the poor, and administering to their wants. There was real pathos in his voice, and we are inclined to believe, from this small sample, that Ravel could be something more than a mere burlesque actor, if he chose to make the attempt. Madlle. Lambert is a decided acquisition; and Madlle. Fleury, who played in three pieces, showed a sufficiency of talent to make us desirous of seeing her very frequently; she is pretty and *piquante*, and has a good flow of animal spirits. The other parts were well filled by Messrs. Langeval, St. Maire, and Tourillon. The second piece is entitled *York*. The hero is a dog, and the interest of the piece turns upon the efforts made by a certain Major, who has a morbid antipathy for all quadrupeds of the canine species, to get rid of the animal by drowning him, as he has already done four of his predecessors, in the Lake of Geneva. Ravel appears as the *Deus ex machina*, and saves the devoted beast. There is an underplot, in which Ravel obtains the hand of the Major's young wife, whom he mistakes for his daughter, some twenty years her senior. He appears on the stage dressed in white, and convulsed the house with his quaintness and drollery, which reached its climax in the scene where he is supposed to be labouring under an attack of hydrophobia. M. Ravel is now an established favourite, and we hope, during his stay in London, to see him in some of the old parts, such as *L'Etourneau l'omelette fantastique*, which he played on his last visit in 1848. During the evening the National Anthem was sung by Miss Ransford and Mr. Lee.

STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. Henry Russell has been performing at this little theatre during the week, and will continue to do so during the ensuing, after which Mr. Allcroft will recommence his dramatic and operatic season. Mr. Henry Russell has drawn crowded houses every night.

JULLIEN'S FAREWELL CONCERT IN THE PROVINCES.

AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE renowned Maestro, in taking his accustomed tour through the provinces, has recently visited Birmingham, giving two *Concerts d'adieu* previous to his departure for America. The first of these splendid entertainments took place on the 29th Dec., and the last on the 27th ult. The galleries of the Town Hall were filled with a fashionable audience on both occasions, and the promenade literally crammed with a dense mass of spectators. Jullien, who has accomplished so much in creating a passion for the "beautiful art," has ever been esteemed a man of extraordinary capacity by the people of Birmingham, whether as regards the productions of his own genius, or the immense success he has realised in diffusing a musical taste amongst the general community. The impression was not in the least lessened by his recent performances; and considering that the orchestra was composed entirely of instrumentalists, admirably arranged, so that the wind and stringed instruments should not drown or confuse each other, there could not have been a more complete array of artistic ability for the occasion. The programme consisted of scraps and selections from some of the popular works which have found most favour during the late season; the portion which excited the most curiosity being Jullien's new operatic composition, *Pietro il Grande*. Choice passages were given from this lyric drama in each part. These selections were not arranged according to their order in the opera, but were grouped together so as to produce an appropriate effect without creating a discrepancy, and at the same time to embody several of the leading incidents in the life of its royal and eccentric hero,—Peter the Great. Some of the most striking scenes and chorusses were given, such as the song of *vivandieres*, the Muscovite hymn, and the valse *Hollandaise* from the first act; a drinking song, a duet for Catherine and Peter, the Mazurka, heard from the Kremlin, Rosomack's Cossack war song, and the brilliant Pultava march in the second act; and in the third, Catherine's pathetic prayer, and a romance, with an *obligato* for the cornet à piston. The composition appears to abound with chromatic scales and a sustained style of modulation, which frequently attained picturesque and novel effects from the superb method of instrumentation employed and the unrelaxing spirit of the music. The climaxes, requiring a combination of the whole orchestral strength and arranged with the most consummate skill, described the dramatic spectacles in a most powerful and exciting manner; while some of the melodies were of a very captivating description, attracting alike by their easy and graceful flow, as by the florid beauty of their movements. The only regret experienced was in the unavoidable defect from the want of vocal performers; for it is impossible to form any conception of its grandeur, without having the full complement of orchestral appendages, in the addition of principals and chorus singers. This of course could not be accomplished without a great increase of expense, and as cheapness is so indispensable in these economic times, we must submit to the sacrifice till fortune become more propitious and presents the opportunity of hearing its beauties enhanced by the addition referred to. The performances of Thursday evening were, however, highly meritorious, and Jullien, with that dignity and earnestness so characteristic of the man, directed the movements and expression of the executants with the utmost skill—frequently eliciting the warmest demonstrations of applause. The lively and sparkling variations of the *Pietro il Grande* quadrilles were honoured by demands for an encore, and the music from the "ballet, *Hollandaise*, and sailor's dance" were most superbly rendered. The Queen's lament "O heaven hear my prayer," was performed by Lavigne and Koenig with a wonderful degree of clearness and finish: while the Mazurka and the midnight prayer, supposed to be sung by a troop of nuns, were played in subdued tones and some of the passages rendered with great delicacy and chasteness. The conspirators' scene, the alarm, and the Pultava march displayed some of the most ingenious and magnificent instrumentation, and were received by the loudest plaudits from the audience. The next composition in point of attraction was the Italian Symphony in A major, by Mendelssohn. This piece (which

is distinct from the Scottish one in A minor) has lately been resuscitated at Jullien's metropolitan concerts, and being one of the most finished works of its great composer, it is justly commanding no small share of public favour. This beautiful composition did not appear to create much enthusiasm, although the *an dante* movement was executed with great smoothness—admirable distinction of shade and decision of accent being observed. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was given at the second concert, and appeared to be more fully appreciated. The *Allegro*, commencing with the exquisite variations for violins, gradually reinforced by other instrumental accompaniments, until the full power of the orchestra is called into requisition, was rendered with marvellous effect, and throughout the greatest exactitude to *tempo* was observed. The performance was unanimously encored, a remarkable instance of the improvement which has taken place amongst the public for illustrations of this school of music.

Madlle. Anna Zerr gave several of her *ad captandum* performances, and she undoubtedly maintains the high position which she attained by her brilliant execution at the late festival. Her enchanting and liquid intonation in the "Queen of the light," by Mozart, and the "Tyrolienne," by Carl Haas, were of the most marvellous description; while the graceful and delicate articulation of her notes was full of freshness and beauty. She was encored on each occasion of her appearance. We may just observe, *en passant*, that the first time she sang the *aria* from *Zauberflöte*, there was a shrillness in her voice which she did not appear to overcome until the piece was nearly finished; but the blemish, if any, was amply compensated for by the brilliancy with which it was rendered on the encore being given. Jullien's polka, "Les echos du Mont Blanc," was performed on two cornets-a-piston, the imitations being given by Herr Koenig. The exquisite skill with which the echoes and responses were played (like sounds from some distant forest), was duly honoured by the audience, and an encore was called for, the only one accorded to an instrumental performance, M. Lavigne's solo on the oboe—a theme from *Sonnambula*—and M. Wuille's warbling variations on the clarinet were given with great accuracy, purity of style, and were rewarded with repeated applause. The brothers Mollenhauer were also much admired for their tuneful execution of the duo on two violins; and "The English Quadrille," consisting of descriptive scenes from the convivial, Gothic, comic, sentimental, and the martial, concluded the first entertainment.

The farewell concert took place on Thursday evening, Jan. 27, which, as regards the attendance, was even more successful than the previous one. The instrumental executants were the same as before, but the popular *lied*-singer was absent through illness, and Mr. J. A. Baker apologised. He stated that Madlle. Anna Zerr was seriously indisposed at Dublin, and with the permission of the audience, Miss Cicely Nott would appear as her substitute. No expressions of disapprobation were offered. The performances commenced with Jullien's Quadrille from Spohr's *Faust*, which opened with the brilliant and fanciful description of the wedding scene, and terminated with the witches' chorus—a vivid portrayal of their infernal revelry.

Mr. Winterbottom's solo on the trombone was a masterly piece of execution for a wind instrument, and some of the florid passages were rendered with admirable precision, frequently eliciting the warmest plaudits from the audience. "Les echos du Mont Blanc" was again appropriated to the cornet-à-piston performer, Herr Koenig, who fully maintained his high reputation by the delicacy and chasteness with which he gave the distant echoes, and the marvellous skill he displayed in the beautiful variations and crescendos. M. Wuille gave a clarinet solo, composed by himself, with great perfection of tone, and was frequently applauded during its performance; and M. Lavigne's execution on the oboe was highly meritorious.

Several pieces were given from Jullien's inexhaustible store of *musique dansantique*, and Koenig's Polka, "The Blue Bell," with several others may be said to have completed the miscellaneous part of the programme. Of Jullien's new operatic work, *Pietro il Grande*, we can only add that the whole was rendered in most superb style, but the imaginative *Scherzo* from Mendelssohn's

Midsummer Night's Dream, scarcely proved so attractive as we had anticipated.

Miss Cicely Nott gave "Proch's Variations," which had been allotted to Madlle. Anna Zerr, but she judiciously omitted the "Tyrolienne," and a pleasant little ballad, in which she obtained an encore. On her first appearance she manifested a slight nervous agitation, which rendered her voice somewhat tremulous, and perhaps this detracted from the correctness of her intonation. However, *bravura* music is beyond her range, although she displayed considerable excellence and richness of tone, except in the more difficult *roulades*, which can only be rendered effectively by the peculiar and dulcet-like articulation of Madlle. Anna Zerr. The concert terminated with one of Jullien's real enthusiastic performances, the "National Anthem."

AT MANCHESTER.

(From the Manchester Guardian.)

Never since Free Trade Hall was converted into a concert-room, has it presented such a scene as on Tuesday night. Even the orchestra was invaded, by numbers who could not be accommodated in the first-class seats, but who would, however, hear the delightful concert to disadvantage, as the purely musical sounds would fall on the ear in combination with the *mechanical* working, so to speak, of a powerful instrumental orchestra. To some, the novelty of this might compensate for its lessened musical effect. And we are disposed to believe, indeed, that there must be an elastic quality in the vast walls of the Free Trade Hall, for certainly (like the omnibuses of late) its divisional compartments groaned under a weight of numbers far beyond what they were "licensed to carry." Thus the galleries, with a registered measurement of seven hundred, were reported to have a freight exceeding eight hundred, while the front seats were really what is termed in mathematics, an "immeasurable quantity." To that respectable class, the music-sellers, this concert must have been more profitable than any previous one ever given in Manchester, as we believe they could each of them reckon their sale of first-class tickets by hundreds. The reader will pardon these statistics from their curious novelty.

To speak of the concert in detail would be little better than furnishing up an old notice of one of Jullien's concerts, and, *mutatis mutandis*, imposing it upon the reader's good faith as spick and span new. We shall not do so. Including in his band some of the very best *artistes* in Europe, and maintaining the discipline of the whole at the highest point, everything is given with such a uniformity of excellence that one elaborate and well-turned paragraph of commendation would meet exactly the exigency of each performance; save that the eloquent pantomime of Jullien's almost sentient baton ever and anon elicits some latent beauty or some new reading, which charms the musician no less than the unscientific auditor. The special novelty of these concerts has been, the selection from M. Jullien's opera, "*Pietro il Grande*." This is essentially an opera of stirring action and passion, rather than of sentiment. Though not discarding the tender and the beautiful, of which there are several touching specimens scattered about, the composer has preferred to depict scenes of crowding dramatic incident, with all the exciting features of spectacle and the "pomp and circumstance" of war and its ever-changing fortunes. This he has done with a graphic vigour which seems to invade the province of the pencil; and we hardly know whether most to admire the composer's inventive genius or his power and facility of orchestral scoring. We consider *Pietro* deserving of all the praise which the London *Times* and other high musical authorities have showered upon it; it belongs to the class of *The Prophete* and other works by Meyerbeer; and deserves to retain a permanent place in the lyric repertoire whenever, like its class, it can be adequately placed upon the stage. One feature we must especially point attention to, as not usually prominent in Jullien's music. The choral fugue on the ancient Greek plain chant, "*Santa madre benedetto*," is written with a severe beauty and adherence to strict contrapuntal forms, which made it one of the most interesting and classical pieces of the night.

There was one disappointment—an almost unprecedented

accompaniment of Jullien's concerts—Madlle. Zerr was unable to appear, being confined to her room in Dublin with severe indisposition. The fact was announced by Mr. Baker, without exciting any impatience in the audience. Miss Cicely Nott was the vocal substitute, and was encored in both her songs. The first, the polacca "*Son vergin vezzosa*," from *Puritani*, which is exceedingly brilliant and ornate, she sang in true artistic style; and the second, an Irish ballad, with much feeling. "God save the Queen" was called for and given at the close of the concert, amidst enthusiastic cheering. M. Jullien was cordially greeted both on his entry and retirement.

And so our enterprising, enthusiastic, and accomplished friend is going to leave us. On behalf of the many thousands in whom he has created a taste for music, or so often gratified and improved a taste already formed, we are half angry with him. What right has he to create a longing at Christmas, or certain other periods of the year, to the gratification of which we look forward as regularly and as eagerly as to the other enjoyments of the particular season, and then wantonly to withhold the cup from our lips, in order to hand it to Brother Jonathan? Oh, he'll have immense success across the water, will he? Of course he will; but has he not had success to his heart's content here? We know he has. Jullien is not a mercenary, but he is an ambitious; and, like another Alexander, having won the laurels of art and the popular voice in this country, he determines to seek new worlds in which to achieve new conquests.

A few words on Jullien's career. We well remember his first visit to Manchester, when, such were the prejudice and the incredulity, that few would take the trouble to go to the Corn Exchange to hear him; and we believe that more than one of his visits was a dead failure. It has always been a characteristic of M. Jullien, however, that want of success has stimulated to increased and more determined effort. "Never say fail," has been his motto. Perseverance, a removal to the Wellington Rooms in Peter-street, and the introduction of the celebrated "polka" turned the tide of success, which has flowed on increasingly ever since. An inspection of the fourteen years' series of programmes would afford a curious study of progressive musical development. At first we had waltzes, quadrilles, and polkas exclusively, of the most vivacious and flatulent character. Then operatic adaptations, then fragments of, and then whole, symphonies. The first and most classic *artistes* of the day, including Ernst, Hallé, Sivori, Vieuxtemps, Piatti (to say nothing of leading vocalists), have been from time to time engaged, while M. Jullien's staff has always included wind instrumentalists of the highest merit. The effect upon the musical taste of the public, both in London and the provinces, has been most obvious and beneficial. We believe that the "testimonial concert," to which we have before alluded, is presenting more extensive ramifications than was at first contemplated. If opportunity could be afforded, we are sure there are many in Manchester who would be glad to express more directly their admiration of M. Jullien, prior to his leaving us for a time in the summer for the United States.

AT GLOUCESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)—On Friday last, our well-deserved favourite, Jullien, gave his last concert here, previous to his departure for America. We wish him all the success, which there is no doubt he must have, from our Transatlantic brethren. The programme gives another proof of Jullien's good taste and judgment, varied alike in its character, pleasing to the mere lovers of music, the accomplished amateur, and the professor. The fascinating dance, mixing with the gems of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, were all given in the true spirit of the composers. Most gratifying it was to see the great appreciation of so large and mixed an assemblage to the glorious overture of *Egmont*, the charming *andante* from the *Italian Symphony*, by Mendelssohn, and the *allegretto* from Beethoven's Symphony in F, all of which were rendered with a true regard to the intention of the composer, and left nothing to be desired, proving that Jullien's band can tread the "classic way" as safely as that of the "light and lively dance." The duet for two violins, by the Brothers Mollenhaurt, was deservedly encored, and the "Carnival de

Venise," given with astonishing precision and great humour. The solo on the oboe, by Lavigne, from the well-known *Sonnambula*, was a decided favourite; and the solo on the clarinet, by Wuille, remarkably clever, proved that much more can be done with this instrument than has been hitherto understood. In the lively polka, "Les Echos du Mont Blanc," dedicated appropriately to our lively friend, Albert Smith, Herr Koenig both astonished and pleased, with the great facility by which he gives the Echo, in a most delicious and perfect manner. The Jullienne Valses, "Paul et Virginie," and "La Julonsic," both truly *deux temps*, seemed to make the young ladies wish for a clear space and a few delightful turns. The second part commenced with selections from Jullien's grand opera, "Pietro il Grande"—the fine and characteristic introduction from the Conspiracy scene, and the "Snow Storm," followed by the delicious lament "O ciel du'n afflitta," given with great feeling by Lavigne; the picturesque and melodious "Mazurka," with the Prayer of the Nuns from the convent; the "Appeal to Peter," by General Lefort; "Il prego udite," on the cornet, by Koenig; the charming ballet, "Valse Hollandaise" and "Danse Maritime;" afterwards the martial "Russian National Hymn," capably given by Koenig; the "Non partire," and "Ah; se tu m'ami," with good expression, by Jarrett and Winterbottom; and the rugged and fierce "War Song" of the Cossacks, by Prespere, finishing with the Alarm and the glorious march, and "Canto Fermo" for the full orchestra. This selection is admirably arranged, and brings out the solo players to great advantage, who evidently enter upon it as a work of love to their maestro. The only disappointment of the evening was the absence of Madame Anna Zerr, from ill health—Miss Cicely Nott kindly taking her place in the programme, sang the "Polacca," from *I Puritani*, and the popular ballad, "Annie Laurie," with good taste and feeling. The quadrilles were as refreshing as ever, and the "Review Gallop" was the conclusion of this last and memorable concert. We know that Jullien was pleased with his very enthusiastic reception. The large room was crowded in all parts. Upwards of 1,700 were present. As to the promenade, then, it was a perfect cram. All went off capitably.

AT LIVERPOOL.

(From the *Liverpool Times*.)

ON Monday evening, the great musical *chef* mustered his forces, for the last time here, previous to his meditated invasion of the United States. From the review we then took of his *troupe*, from the style of his attack, and still more, from the victories he has already achieved in his British campaigns, we unhesitatingly predict for him a conquest.

The noble hall was crowded to excess—we speak advisedly—for many were the adventurous wights and spirited dames, who, rather than brook exclusion, consented to be jammed and crushed in the aisles, or to endure the terrible proximity of the ophecleide, and the big drum, on the spare seats of the orchestra.

One circumstance, however, threw a cloud over the assembly, which was never entirely dissipated during the evening; we allude to the non-appearance of the charming vocalist, Madlle. Anna Zerr. The disappointment was the more keenly felt, as the cause of it was not made public until just before the commencement of the concert, and that by placards posted at the entrances of the hall, announcing, by the physician's certificate, the severe indisposition of Madlle. Zerr, and her consequent detention in Dublin.

To come to the performances: a comparatively unknown overture, entitled "Les deux journees," by Cherubini, and a quadrille, (from Spohr's opera of *Faust*, arranged by Jullien,) were rather coolly received. A solo on that difficult instrument, the trombone, was given in creditable style by Mr. Winterbottom, though the execution of it was not altogether without its faults.

A selection from the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven received a well-merited encore. Miss Cicely Nott, the *protégé* of Jullien, though coming forward in the inauspicious character of a substitute for Madlle. Zerr, acquitted herself so creditably as to be called for again. The encore, however, was declined on the plea that she had only arrived from London two hours before, and had not recovered from the journey.

A polka, entitled "Les Echos de Mont Blanc" was skilfully rendered by Koenig, the allusion of distance in the echoes being admirably kept up. A solo, on the clarinet, by M. Wuille, distinguished by great brilliancy of execution, and a quadrille, from Jullien's new opera of *Pietro il Grande*, concluded the first part of the entertainment.

The Russian National Hymn, which formed a part of the selection from the same opera, was well given, and rapturously received. Miss Cicely Nott appeared a second time, and sang the Scottish ballad of "Annie Laurie," but with no marked success.

In reviewing the programme, we cannot but remark that, if Jullien had given us more of the genuine works of the great masters, and less of the light, terpsichorean style, he would not only have given greater satisfaction to the audience, but also have raised his character in the estimation of all true lovers of art.

We must not dismiss the subject, without alluding to the series of concerts now giving in the Philharmonic-hall, by our talented townsman, Mr. Edward W. Thomas: his musical troupe, taken as a whole, are only inferior to the Jullien band.

We trust that the Liverpool public will show that they can appreciate and encourage whatever possesses real excellence, even though may want the *prestige* of metropolitan success.

Original Correspondence.

THE LATE MR. HARPER.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR—Will you do me the favour to correct an error which has appeared in your journal of Jan. 22., relative to the decease of my late friend, Mr. Harper, the celebrated trumpet-player, stating that "he expired at his own residence." The facts of the case are these. He left his home in the morning in his usual state of health, to attend a rehearsal at Exeter Hall, as principal or first trumpeter—his son being professionally engaged at Greenock. After taking his part for some time, he complained of coldness and a violent pain between his shoulders, and retired to the hall-keeper's room, and took a little warm brandy and water, considering it only a spasmodic attack.

Mr. Bridge, the hall-keeper, finding him get no better, came into my office, and asked me if I knew any medical gentleman in the neighbourhood. I immediately sent my servant with a note to Mr. Leonard, of Salisbury Street, Strand, who was in attendance in less than six minutes, and recommended that he should be brought to my office, where he was laid on a sofa squab before the fire, and wrapped up in blankets, while Mr. Leonard administered such restoratives as the state of collapse required, after which he seemed considerably revived, and conversed freely with those around him. This was near two o'clock. Mr. Leonard then suggested that he should be removed to my house, which is close to the Hall. He walked primly across the street with the assistance of my assistant, Mr. Pringle, and laid himself on a sofa in my sitting-room, while Mr. Leonard left him, to procure further remedies. Hardly had he left the room when my servant came to me, stating that she was afraid Mr. Harper was dying. I immediately sent her to inform Mr. Leonard, who returned instantly, but only just in time to see him breathe his last. He expired about half-past two o'clock, without apparent suffering. A *post mortem* examination took place on Sunday, and a coroner's inquest was held on the Monday, before Mr. Wakley. The immediate cause of his death was proved to be abnormal condition of the aorta, of some standing. He had complained on two or three occasions lately of what he called "*spasms*," between his shoulders, but which had soon yielded to slight stimuli.

As the names of Harper and Handel have been so closely associated for nearly half a century, I cannot help mentioning one remarkable circumstance connected with the place where he died. In my sitting-room, near the window, for years has been placed a sofa, which was generally covered with unbound copies of Handel's *Messiah*. These copies were removed only on Saturday week, and the sofa placed in another part of the room, exactly

under a portrait of the composer; upon this spot the veteran musician departed this life, aged sixty-seven, esteemed and respected by all who knew him, leaving a beloved daughter and three sons to mourn his loss, and his eldest son a worthy successor to supply his place in the musical world.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH SURMAN.

Conductor of the London Sacred Harmonic Society.
No. 9, Exeter Hall, Jan. 29th, 1853.

STORY OF GIAN BATISTA.

It happened one evening, many years ago, that Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Ferlini, the unfortunate Severini, Persiani, and the happy husband of the charming Tacchinandi, were gathered round the fire in the saloon of the Italians at Paris, a little half-hour before the rising of the curtain, chatting gaily upon a thousand indifferent matters, and all the more freely, as only one person was near them—a stranger, who did not appear to understand Italian. Lablache and Rubini were discussing the incidents of a rubber at whist, which had been played the evening before at the house of the illustrious Tenor: that dismissed, they reviewed the talent and position of a poor little ragged fiddler, who had been found half-frozen the night before at the door of the theatre, and to whom the porter had extended hospitality; it was now under consideration among the singers to make a small collection for the sucking brother of their art.

"I give my share most willingly," said Rubini, drawing a Napoleon from his waistcoat pocket, and depositing it in the vase. "Eh! eh!" said Tamburini, laughingly, "you were, then, very lucky at whist last night?"

"By no means, *mio caro*," replied the Tenor, "but if you will give me your attention, that is, as much of it as you can, I will explain to you why I take an interest in these little vagabond musicians, who possess nothing but their courage and their violin, and have neither bed nor board." Tamburini placed himself in a comfortable listening attitude, the others drew near to Rubini, who began his tale as follows:—

"Some thirty years ago, a poor, wretched, half-starved family were wandering from one end of Italy to the other, without any means of getting their bread—and black bread it was too, black as the devil—than that of giving street-concerts in each of the towns they passed through. There were four persons in this family of musicians—the father, mother, and two sons. After the concert the youngest boy made the tour of the spectators with a wooden cup in his hand, which he held up as near as he could to the pockets of the delighted listeners, who frequently found it impossible to resist this appeal to their sensibility; the little lad then carried his wealth to his mother, who deposited it in the treasury, and then assisted to pack the baggage on the back of an ass, who looked as if he had fed upon nothing but music since the hour he came into the world; the father of the family took charge of the violins, the eldest boy was intrusted with the clarinet and flute, and the little brother-collector was slung to a huge hunting-horn almost as long as himself. In the next large and populous street they came to, the father commanded a new halt, another concert was given, and again the little brother and his wooden cup offered themselves to the benevolent sympathies of the listeners; and thus they went on, the same thing, the halt, the concert, the cup, the packing, the unpacking, to-day, to-morrow, and for ever. The receipts were not magnificent—the audience always listened to the concert, but frequently walked away at the aspect of the wooden cup, others put their hands in their pockets, but forgot to take them out again. The performers gained very little, and once, to their sorrow, they were even robbed—of a concert I mean, for they had nothing else to lose, and that was a part of their property; yes, strange as it may seem, they were actually robbed. A scoundrelly captain of a band of thieves thought it a good joke to demand of these poor people, 'a concert or your life'; they of course did not hesitate, though never did they give one with so little satisfaction to themselves, or with such an earnest desire to get to the end of it. The little collector put his wooden cup out

of sight, played more than once horribly out of tune, and when the master cut-throat took hold of his chin to thank him for his music, the poor little fellow was actually afraid that he should not get it back again.

"But if there were many evil days for the wandering troubadours there was, now and then, some good. There was one super-excellent—that on which Gian Batista, the little collector, was admitted to sing, with a troop of abominably bad performers, at the Theatre di Romano. The evening before the representation, the prima donna had suddenly disappeared, leaving her companions in the utmost consternation. Seduced by the cigar-smoking, phrase-making graces of a French travelling clerk of a mercantile house, she had accompanied him on his return to France, and, in a few days afterwards, he repaid her in kind the trick she had paid her lyrical brethren, by setting off for Paris one morning without her, before she had left her couch. But in the meantime, the unfortunate company were in the utmost distress. What was to be done? All the world was expected to assist at the representation, and the prima donna was wanting! The father of Gian Batista came to their assistance; he passed the whole night in teaching his son the part of the prima donna; and Gian, taking his courage in both hands, soon mastered all the difficulties, and the next night, dressed as a woman, sang the part, was rapturously greeted, and for the first time in his life heard the sound of that applause with which, later on, he was destined to be familiar.

"Behold, then, the ragged boy-collector transformed into a prima donna. It was no bad trade, and in the exercise of it he obtained so much success, that the manager gave two additional representations, at the last of which, Gian, adorned in his feminine habits and graces, was seated in the vestibule, between two huge flambeaus, to receive the reward of his exertions, holding in his hand, not the old wooden cup, but a handsome dish of shining tin, in which he gracefully received the offerings of the faithful, which offerings, *mio caro*, amounted to fifteen francs—twelve shillings English.

"The trade of prima donna would have answered very well to Gian, but, unfortunately, besides his occupation on the stage as the heroine, he was obliged, between the acts, to go into the orchestra to help his father to make out a band, and then return behind the scenes to sing in the chorus. Two months of this hard work nearly used up the poor boy, when, luckily, Lamberti came to Bergamo, where Gian then was, to get up an opera of his composition. He wanted another tenor to fill up a secondary part, and Gian's constant and indefatigable puffer, his father, spoke to the *maestro* of his son's talent, and his success at Bergamo, and finally obtained from him a promise that the prima donna should have a trial. The thing succeeded admirably. Lamberti's music was so well sung that, enchanted, he actually made the young actor a present of a crown! Thanks to this superb generosity, the ex-prima donna could afford to buy himself a pair of shoes, and had something solid to go upon."

At this last observation of Rubini, Tambourini burst into a loud laugh; but the former, without losing his gravity, continued his recital.

"After quitting Bergamo, poor Gian Batista had again some very wintry days; but better times were approaching, and fortune began to smile steadily upon him. Although refused as a chorus singer, by the impresario of the theatre of Milan, who did not think his voice strong enough, he got an engagement of six hundred francs as a second tenor at Pallazuolo. Six hundred francs!—four and twenty pounds! What a fortune! Per Christo! Gian felt like a monied man! And now he could buy something more than shoes, he thought he would buy a cloak—a cloak, a mantle, that noble garment for which Gian Batista had sighed from infancy, which had been the admiration of his childhood, the hope of his youth, the dream of his whole existence; he had desired it with enthusiasm, with passion, with frenzy, as he had never desired anything since; and now he had it—this idolized garment; he could put it on, take it off, throw it on in folds, or fold it up. Happy, thrice happy Gian Batista; it was the most delicious moment of his life; he has never been half so happy since.

"To the six hundred francs succeeded an engagement of a

thousand at the theatre at Brescia; to that, another of two thousand to sing at Venice in *Mosè*. In a short time the poor boy became a person of importance. Fioraventi wrote an opera expressly for him. Rossini entreated him to undertake the principal part in the *Gazza Ladra*. Vienna and Paris disputed his possession; and—hark! the overture has begun; they are waiting for Gian Batista to sing in the *Sonnambula*—

"And Gian Batista," said poor Severini, "is now worth forty thousand pounds."

"Besides being the first singer in the world," observed Lablache.

"And that nobody plays so good a rubber at whist," said Tambrini, with a twirl.

"Except me," said Lablache, carrying off his corporation.

In the next minute the curtain drew up, and Rubini, otherwise Gian Batista, entered on the scene, singing "Prendi l'Aneti ti dano," amid the kind smiles of his friends, and the thundering greetings of the audience.

MADAME PLEYEL'S CONCERT.

THE fashionable concert season may be said to have begun on Monday night, at the Hanover Square Rooms, with the above performance. Madame Pleyel, about to enter upon a tour in the provinces, could not well have passed through London without affording her many admirers in the metropolis at least one opportunity of hearing her. The announcement of her name was sure to attract a crowded audience, and a more brilliant inauguration of the season could not have been desired. The rooms were full to overflowing, and the programme offered variety enough to appeal to the special predilections of all the amateurs of the highest class of pianoforte playing. For the lover of the purely "classical" school, Beethoven and Mendelssohn; for the adherent of the "modern romantic," Liszt and Thalberg were provided. Madame Pleyel excels as much in one as in the other, and never more completely established her claim to the distinguished reputation she enjoys. The following was the selection of pieces in which she took the principal part:—

Quartet (No. 3)—Pianoforte, violin, viola, and	
violoncello	Mendelssohn.
"Illustrations du Prophète"	Liszt.
Sonata (Op. 23)—Pianoforte and violin	Beethoven.
{ Fantasia— <i>Don Pasquale</i>	Thalberg.
{ Tarantella— <i>La Danza</i>	Liszt.

In the quartet of Mendelssohn (that in B minor—the most splendid and elaborate of the three) Madame Pleyel was powerfully supported by M. Sinton, Mr. Clementi, and Signor Piatti. Her execution of the pianoforte part was, if possible, more striking and effective than when she played it at her own concert last year, in Willis's Rooms. The time at which she takes the first *allegro*, *scherzo*, and *finale*, though in strict conformity with the composer's directions, and with his own manner of performing them, would be perilous in any but a pianist of extraordinary mechanical endowments; but with such unflinching powers of execution as are the gift of Madame Pleyel there can never be any doubt as to the result. Perhaps the most interesting feature of this quartet (one of the author's youthful efforts, and a convincing reply to those at Leipzig, who would suppress a large number of his manuscript compositions on the plea of their being early works) is the *scherzo*, the first of those *prestissimo* movements of which Mendelssohn was the inventor, and of which he produced so many remarkable examples. It would be literally impossible to play this singularly original piece with more vigour, distinctness, and rapidity. The *finale*, with its spirited and well-developed *coda*, was equally noticeable for the uncompromising speed with which it was given, and the art with

which the accomplished pianist contrived at the same time to introduce the most delicate *nuances*, and the happiest contrasts, wherever indicated by the composer, whose own unrivalled command of the instrument led him, on more than one occasion, to be almost unmerciful in taxing the resources of performers. The sonata of Beethoven (in F)—one of the most melodious inspirations of its author—was played with equal grace and spirit. This has always been a favourite with Madame Pleyel, who has never been more efficiently supported in the violin part than by M. Sinton, a thorough Beethovenist in feeling, besides being a violinist of the first class. The *scherzo*—a quaint and fanciful movement, the only fault of which is its extreme brevity—was loudly encored, and repeated with increased effect.

In the execution of the brilliant fantasias of the "ultra-modern" school, Madame Pleyel has no superior, and in some respects, no equal. To praise her performance of the "Patineurs," from the *Prophète*—one of the most extravagant, and, at the same time, it must be admitted, one of the most effective and brilliant of Liszt's transcriptions, would be superfluous. It is enough to say that it has lost none of its charm, and that, repeatedly interrupted by the applause of the audience, it was unanimously redemanded at the conclusion. Of Thalberg's fantasia, Madame Pleyel only gave a fragment, beginning from the theme of the popular serenade, "Come e Gentil." The *Tarantella* of Rossini, another of Liszt's happy arrangements, owes, like the "Patineurs," most of its popularity to Madame Pleyel, to whose light and supple fingers it is well adapted. This well-known moreau, dashed off with impetuous and unparalled rapidity, brought the concert to a close, amid enthusiastic applause. The two instruments upon which Madame Pleyel performed (Broadwood's) equally remarkable for fulness and brilliancy of tone, were favourable examples of the high perfection to which our modern manufactures have brought the art of constructing pianofortes.

A good selection of vocal music, in which certain changes were necessitated, in consequence of the indisposition of Madame Fiorentini, gave Madame Pleyel some intervals of repose between her several performances. Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam, already one of our best ballad singers, produced a marked effect, in an air by Kücken, and an extremely pretty song by Mr. Frank Mori, "Twas on a Sunday morning," which received a well-merited encore. Madame Doria—the substitute for Madame Fiorentini, who has a very fine mezzo soprano voice, which she must be careful not to spoil by forcing up too high—was similarly complimented in an air from *Lucrezia Borgia*; and Mr. Weiss was deservedly applauded in the graphic scena, "I'm a roamer," from Mendelssohn's comic operetta *Heinkehr*, which was performed at the Haymarket with such brilliant success, under the title of *Son and Stranger*. The other singer was Miss Alleyne; and Mr. Frank Mori was the accompanist.

On Tuesday morning Madame Pleyel started for Bath, in which city the celebrated pianist was to inaugurate her *tournee* with a morning and evening concert on the same day.

MR. STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S CLASSICAL SOIREEs.

THE ninth annual series began on Tuesday night. Mr. S. Bennett was the first to institute this species of entertainment, which has gradually initiated the public into a just appreciation of the best chamber-music for the pianoforte. He has since had many imitators; but, through judicious management, aided by distinguished talent, he has contrived to maintain the first place against all competitors. Admitted, by general consent, to rank among the most earnest and suc-

successful composers for the instrument of which he is so eminent a professor, Mr. Bennett possesses an advantage to which very few who have followed him can pretend—that of being able to bring forward works of his own, to contrast, not unfavourably, with those of the acknowledged great masters which form the staple material of his programmes. Although of late years he has not written as much as was expected from his early career, he has done quite enough, in almost every branch of pianoforte music, to authorise him in continuing to hold the position he has long enjoyed, not only as the best player, but as the best composer for the instrument this country has produced; which alone would lend a special interest to his public performances. The programme, on Tuesday, comprised Mendelssohn's first sonata-duo, for pianoforte and violoncello (with Sig. Piatti); the trio in E flat, of Beethoven, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (with M. Sainton and Sig. Piatti); and the same composer's sonata for violin and piano in C minor (with M. Sainton). In M. Sainton and Signor Piatti, Mr. Bennett found admirable coadjutors, and the execution of these great works left nothing to be desired. Besides the above, Mr. Bennett introduced three of his own pieces—a study in E, from his first book of "*Capriccios en forme d'Etudes*," a scherzo in E minor; and an *Allegro Grazioso* in A. The last, a composition of great beauty and refinement, being seldom heard, presented all the charms of novelty. A selection from Mendelssohn's *Leider ohne Worte*—that in F, book 6; that in A minor, book 3; and that in E, book 5—given in the true spirit of the author, completed Mr. Bennett's share of the programme, which excited the highest degree of interest and attention throughout. The most beautiful of all the vocal compositions for the chamber, by Beethoven—the *Leider Kreis* ("circle of songs")—and a plaintive romance by Mendelssohn, entitled "Waiting," were allotted to Mrs. Enderessohn. The first was above the capacity of this lady; but the last was charmingly sung, and encored. Although the fog almost concealed one half of the audience from the other, and the candelabras, which, on ordinary occasions, give such a cheerful light to the rooms, were shrouded in dense vapour, we were able to perceive that the audience was numerous, and fashionable, and that by some means or other Mr. Bennett's annual subscribers—minus, perhaps, about 100—had managed to penetrate through the mist into the harmonious regions of Hanover Square; a legitimate proof of the attractive nature of the performances.—*Times*.

Reviews of Music.

"THE GIPSY QUADRILLES."—By STEPHEN GLOVER.—Robert Cocks and Co.

This set is estimable, and would be eligible—inasmuch as the tunes are old, popular, and good—were it not that Nos. 1 and 2—"The King of the Carnival Islands," and "Home, sweet home"—have been already used, not to say used-up, in Jullien's celebrated English Quadrille. "The Gipsy Quadrille," nevertheless, must be commended. It is well arranged, and the airs well contrasted.

"A SECOND SET OF BALLAD QUADRILLES."—For the Pianoforte. By C. J. WESTROP.—Z. T. Purday

On the contrary, Mr. Westrop, as in a former instance, has selected new, and to a certain extent, familiar tunes for his quadrille. Whether the selection of new or old melodies for a quadrille be the most politic and advisable, we will not at present attempt to pronounce, satisfied an artist will succeed in either endeavour. The airs contained in the second set of "Ballad Quadrilles" are, "Come buy my oranges," "I have listened to

thy song," "The gay young spring," "A few words before marriage," and "The maids of merry England." Mr. Westrop has wrought these free tunes together skilfully, and the *ensemble* is a quadrille of the second, if not of the first water.

"IMPROMPTU SUR LA MAZURKA DI PIETRO IL GRANDE."—Pour le Pianoforte.—Par ALEXANDRE BILLET. Jullien and Co.

A most spirited and elegant arrangement of Jullien's exquisite dance, which we can strongly recommend to all pianists with all our pen and ink.

"A SELECTION OF CHANTS, PSALM TUNES, AND CHORALES."—Compiled by W. S. ADAMS, as an appendix to the tune book used at Bloomsbury Chapel.

"CANTICLES."—Selected by the REV. WM. BROCK; and arranged for Chanting by CHARLES CHILD SPENCER. Cooke and Whitley.

These little books will be found well adapted for the purposes intended. The introduction of psalm singing with Dissenting Chapels being of recent date, the books now before us speak loudly of still further advancement. We may hope soon to hear a good anthem within the same temple—and why not? Orthodox ears may be somewhat startled by the slight differences of reading or accentuation; but it should not be forgotten that innovation points to something infinitely to be preferred to stagnation, *i.e.*, progress. It will generally be found that in most communities all such progress can be traced to the refinement of organization of one or a few of its members. In the present case, thanks are due to the artistic tastes of the Rev. Wm. Brock, for the introduction of music into his chapel, and we therefore cordially give the little work in question our support, it being our firm conviction that music tends to moral refinement, and aids in exciting devotional feeling.

"MUSICAL TREASURY"—Uncle Tom's Music. G. H. Davidson.

A collection of songs, waltzes, polkas, galops, and quadrilles, on the interminable subject of Uncle Tom and his accessories. The volume, or, more properly, portion of the volume of the "Musical Treasury," contains twelve *morceaux* by Henry Russell, H. West, W. Wills Taylor, William Wilson, William Pigot, T. Trenerry Price, &c. Some of these names are not unknown to fame; some have yet to climb the heights of celebrity. Not the least welcome to the purchaser, we imagine, will be found the draughts from the old negro melodies, which are downright good. The little volume is got up with much care and neatness, and altogether contains no little to put forth claims to public consideration. Mr. Davidson, the publisher, has of late years attracted much attention by his cheap musical issues, and the work before us must be accounted among the cheapest of the cheap, the collection being attainable for the low sum of two shillings and sixpence.

"THE SLAVE GIRL'S LOVE," and "FAREWELL, MY COUNTRY."—Constituting Nos. 1 and 6 of "Songs from the *White Slave*."—Words by J. E. CARPENTER.—Music by J. L. HATTON. Addison and Hollier.

Most of our readers have doubtless read the novel called *The White Slave*, a work written with the evident design of counteracting the effects of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which it cannot do, and which it has no pretensions to do. The songs on "Slaves," "Uncles," "Toms," and "Cabins," have well nigh satiated the public, and it is to be hoped they have now come to an end; for their results have been nothing, or worse than nothing. They serve no possible purpose but that of administering to the cravings of a morbid sentimentality, which all poets and all musicians should carefully eschew. Although we cannot extend our sympathy to such compositions as those before us, we must not withhold our praises, seeing that Mr. Carpenter's verses are bold and characteristic, and Mr. Hatton's music spirited, free, and well written. To lovers of such kind of music-ware, the two ballads may be commended as among the "effort" of their kind.

"**THALBERGIAN EXERCISES; OR, THE PIANIST'S DESIDERATA.**"—Fourth Edition, revised and simplified.—Inscribed with all due deference to the musical profession.—By EDWARD FROST. Cocks and Co.; Addison and Hollier; Lee and Coxhead; Metzler and Co.; Z. T. Purday.

It is also published at the author's Musical Repository, in the High Street, at Oxford. We have seldom, indeed, seen a musical work so gregariously published. The exercises are aptly named, since, to play Thalberg's music without having a perfect command of the scales, is, to speak tersely, impossible. But these exercises are not confined to the scales; they contain a large assortment of practising with the hand in one position, so that, while a particular finger sustains a particular note, the others, as it were, disport themselves loosely; whereby pliancy, flexibility, and equality of strength are acquired. The exercises are preceded by a sensible and well-written address, and some useful and excellent hints for practice. We recommend the "Pianist's Desiderata" as a real desideratum.

Provincial.

GREENWICH.—A concert took place at the Lecture Hall on Thursday evening, before a crowded and respectable audience. The concert commenced with Balfe's quartette, "Lo! the early beams of morning," by Misses Messent and Poole, Messrs. George Tedder and Ransford, which was well sung. The beautiful ballad, "Reject me not," was admirably sung by Miss Poole, and received an encore; as likewise did her "Wapping old stairs." Misses Messent and Binckes sang with their accustomed success; the former lady receiving an encore in Murphy's "They won't let me out;" and the latter in Macfarren's "Gone; he's gone." Miss B. Williams' pianoforte solo was executed in a finished style. Mr. George Tedder sang Bishop's "Pilgrim of love" in a most artistic manner, particularly the recitative, and which was rewarded by well-merited applause; his "Death of Nelson" was delivered in a masterly style, and at the request of the audience, he substituted Shield's old ballad, the "Thorn." He wisely declined an encore for the "White squall," in consequence of the lateness of the evening. An apology was made for Mr. F. Smith, Mr. Ransford attending in his place. Mr. G. Case conducted.

HERTFORD.—On Monday evening last, Jan. 31, a lecture was delivered at the School-room of St. Peter's, by the Rev. J. Venn, M.A., vicar of the parish, illustrating an ingenious theory, whereby simple psalm tunes may be represented to the eye by means of common printing type,—this system being rendered still more facile to non-musical readers through the notion of reducing all the scales into a universal key of "Do." The ideas embodied in the above, though not quite new, are eminently practical; and when carried out—as it is fully intended they shall be—will conduce not a little to an amelioration of the present system of congregational worship, a matter highly commendable in itself, and well worthy of extensive imitation.

On Thursday evening last, Feb. 3, a concert was given by the Lay Clerks of Hereford Cathedral, at the College-hall of that ancient city, under the conductorship of Mr. G. Townsend Smith, the eminent organist, and embracing the entire instrumental as well as vocal talent of the vicinity. Want of space, and the necessarily brief notice we have had, must excuse the insertion of a lengthy critique. Let it suffice, that of the instrumental part of the performance, Mozart's Symphony, No. 2, was especially well played, as also the overture to *Masaniello*; and that of the vocal programme, Shield's song, "The Wolf," most effectually rendered by Mr. Taylor, and Mozart's concerted melody (called a glee in the printed forms) "My sweet Dorabella," seemed to give the most unmixed satisfaction. The concert was fully and fashionably attended.

Miscellaneous.

MILITARY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Such is the increase of business in the musical department of Metropolitan trade, that the manufacture of musical brass instruments, &c., for Military Bands, is at present going on in London to a large extent, thereby partially limiting importations from the Continent. Amongst the

numerous manufacturers, now doing a brisk business, may be mentioned Messrs. Haite and Leach, who have removed to No. 7, New Coventry-street, and whose instruments will successfully bear the test of the practical player. They are good, and moderate in price.

MUSICAL INSTITUTE OF LONDON.—Saturday, January 29.—Mr. Lucas in the chair. Mr. Wyndham Harding, of Wimbledon Park, was admitted a Fellow. A paper, "On the Influence of Music on the structure of English verse," was read by the author, the Rev. Mr. Nicolay, in which he traced the connexion between the two arts from the days of the bards, when all poetry was chanted or sung, to the present time; arguing that till the great master, Chaucer, burst the trammels which had previously pent up the flow of verse, the accent and rhythm of English poetry was mainly controlled by that of national tunes—an influence which, in some degree, it still maintained. A selection of vocal music, which had been alluded to in the course of the Lecture, was then performed by some of the professional members of the Institute.

ALBERT SMITH'S ASCENT TO MONT BLANC.—Albert's Entertainment continues to attract crowded audiences every night, and every morning, (Tuesday's and Saturday's at 3), in despite of the absence of our own orders and those of the press general. We have the above statement from the best sources; viz., from those who paid their money, and who came away thoroughly delighted with Albert and his evening, and were determined to go to hear Albert again.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—(E. Land, Hon. Secretary). Arrangements, we understand, are being made for the annual series of concerts by the members of the above Union Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss E. Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, and Mr. Frank Bodda.

HERR P. LINDBAINTNER.—The celebrated composer (Kapellmeister to the King of Wurtemberg), will arrive in London the beginning of March, to conduct the first four concerts of the New Philharmonic Society.

HEER OBERTHUR.—The talented Harpist has arrived in London.

WINTER MUSICAL EVENINGS.—Mr. Ella resumes his winter r-unions to-night, when Charles Halle, who has arrived from Manchester, will be the pianist.

MADAME PLEYEL.—*L'Imperatrice du piano* will return to London on Wednesday, to play at Mr. Alcroft's Second Grand Concert, in which is involved every conceivable and inconceivable attraction.

THE MISSES BROUGHAM.—In our remarks on Mrs. Crook's *soirée* last week, our notice of these young ladies' excellent singing was accidentally omitted; we take the opportunity, therefore, of now making the *amende honorable*, by stating that the "fair sisters" sang a charming duet, by Henry Smart (*La Gondola*), in an artistic manner; and in Kücken's popular duet of the "Swallows," they were deservedly encored. Miss E. Brougham sang, also, a very pretty ballad by Kücken, entitled "The Tear," in a manner that elicited the hearty applause of the audience.

DR. CARPENTER, the newly-appointed principal to the Establishment attached to the London University, gave a musical entertainment on Wednesday last, at which Signor and Madame Ferrari, Mrs. Thompson (late Miss Kate Loder), and Signer Giulio Regondi assisted, with their usual success; several madrigals, performed by Signor and Madame Ferrari's pupils, were beautifully sung. There were about three hundred persons present, including many of the most scientific and literary gentlemen of the day.

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.—In Musical Reviews, for "William Cooper," read "William Coomber."

CONVERSATION AT BOWOOD.—Dined at Bowood. Had some conversation with Lord Lansdowne before dinner. Talked of the impeachment of Hastings; asked him his impression on the subject. He said he looked upon Hastings as an irregular man, using violent means for purposes which perhaps nothing but irregular and violent means would answer, as his command and situation in India were of such a particularly difficult and embarrassing a nature. Agreed with me that the impeachment was a sort of dramatic trial of skill, got up from the various motives I mentioned; to which he added, what had not struck me before,

Dundas's fear of Hastings's ascendancy in Indian affairs, both from his knowledge and talent, and his favour with the king, to whom the arbitrariness of Hastings's government was rather a recommendation of him. Dundas used India as a sort of colony for Scotland. Talked of the great questions about the abatement of an impeachment by dissolution of parliament, upon which the lawyers and the statesmen divided, and the latter had the best of it in every respect. Erskine, too much of a lawyer not to join his craft on such an occasion. When Burke was told of Erskine's opinion, "What!" said he, "a nisi prius lawyer give an opinion on an impeachment! as well might a rabbit, that breeds fifty times in the year, pretend to understand the gestation of an elephant." How admirable this is! Tried Lord Lansdowne on the subject of coalitions, and said that nothing could be more absurd than to condemn that sort of coalition of which all parties must consist, made up as they are of individuals differing in shades of opinion, but compromising these differences for the sake of one general object, but that it was quite another thing when the opposition in sentiments was not only total and radical, but recently and violently expressed. Here we were interrupted. At dinner sat next to Lord Auckland. Talked of Bowles and extempore preachers; the broken metaphors to which they are subject. Mentioned that I remembered, when a boy, hearing Kirwan talk of the "glorious lamp of day on its march;" and Conolly, a great Roman Catholic preacher, say, "On the wings of charity the torch of faith was borne, and the gospel preached from pole to pole." Lord Auckland mentioned a figure of speech of Sir R. Wilson at Southwark, "As well might you hurl back the thunderbolt to its electric cradle." This led to —'s oratory. Mentioned I had heard him on the trial of Guthrie, and the ludicrous effect which his mixture of flowers with the matter-of-fact statement produced: something this way—"It was then, gentlemen of the jury, when this serpent of seduction, stealing into the bowers of that earthly paradise, the lodgings of Mr. Guthrie, in Gloucester street, when, embittering with his venom that heaven of happiness, where all above was sunshine, all below was flowers, he received a card to dine with the Connaught bar, at the Porto Bello Hotel," &c. When I told Curran of the superabundant floridness of this speech, he said, "My dear Tom, it will never do for a man to turn painter, merely upon the strength of having a pot of colours by him, unless he knows how to lay them on." Lord Lansdowne told a good story of his French servant, when Mansell, the master of Trinity, came to call upon him, announcing him as "Maitre des Cérémonies de la Trinité." Talked of the "Pursuits of Literature," and the sensation it produced when published. Matthias's Italian poetry: Mr. Oakden said he had heard Florentines own he came nearer their poetry than any other foreigner had done, but that still he was but a foreigner at it. I mentioned a translation by W. Spencer of a song of mine ("The wreath you wove") into Italian, which passed with me and others for legitimate, till one day I repeated it to Buonaiuti, and when I came to "Un foglio inaridito" ("one faded leaf"), he said, "Wrong; foglio is the leaf of a book; the leaf of a tree is foglia." This annihilated it at once, for "una foglia" would not suit the metre. Talked of the unlucky number, thirteen at dinner. Mentioned that, at Catalini's one day, perceiving that there was that number at dinner, she sent a French countess who lived with her up stairs, to remedy the grievance; but soon after, La Cainea coming in, the poor moveable countess was brought down again. Lord Lansdowne said he had dined once abroad with Count Orloff, and perceived he did not sit down at dinner, but kept walking round from chair to chair; and he found afterwards from Orloff it was because the *Varishkin* (I think) were at table, who he knew would rise instantly, if they perceived the number thirteen, which Orloff would have made by sitting down himself. Lord Lansdowne said that "blackguard" was a word of which he could not make out the origin. It had been said it was from a guard of soldiers in black, who attended at the execution of Charles I.; but the word was, he believed, older than that period; and besides, it did not appear that any such circumstance took place. Music in the evening: Mrs. Oakden played the "Ranz des Vaches," and the beautiful "Chaconne," of Jomelli.—*Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.*

MUSIC.

MORALITY IS MUSIC!

As tones melt into harmony,
So do graceful acts blend with the graven virtues,
Like the clustering vine in the marble porch,
Showing beauty o'er sternness.
Music is truth!
O, play not a false note in thy part in life,
Or discord will be consequent
... perhaps to eternity.
Music is truth!
The organ's solemn tones,
Like low uttered prayers, ascend to heaven,
Breathing the deep thoughts and wishes of humanity
The piano's cheerful tones
The gentle intercourse of daily life express.
Through its notes are breathed
The hopes and fears, the "Sorrow and earnest," the joy,
the gladness of life,
The merry dance, the sparkling thought, the tear of
sorrow,
The tale of love it ministers to each—
Music is life!
Affection, sorrow, woe, it breathes them all—
Music is love.
Soul speaks to soul, in song.
The orchestra! each at his post, contributing his part to
the general harmony,
Like the children of God, each in his place,
Playing their true parts in life,
Did each play his part correctly, however humble,
Life would be music.
E'en though but played frequently in a plaintive minor key,
In this "Vale of tears," yet oft life's harmonies, are grand,
solemn, beautiful, divine,
When soul meets soul, thought reads thought, mind sees
mind,
Heart springs to heart, then life is Music.

A—B—A O—T—Y.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC, and Our Correspondent's Reply to Mr. Etherington, are unavoidably postponed to next week.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Miss L. W., Shrewsbury; C. B., Sunderland; E. E., Edinburgh.

HEALTH FOR A SHILLING.
HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

INFALLIBLE Cure of a Stomach Complaint, with Indigestion and Violent Head-aches. Extract of a Letter from Mr. S. Gowen, Chemist, of Tipton, near Bristol, dated July 11th, 1852. To Professor Holloway, dear Sir,—I am requested by a lady named Thomas, just arrived from the West Indies, to acquaint you that for a period of eight years, herself and family suffered from continual bad health, arising from disorder of the Liver and Stomach, Indigestion, loss of Appetite, violent Head-aches, pains in the Side, Weakness, and General Debility, for which she consulted the best men in the colony, but without any beneficial result; at last she had recourse to your invaluable Pills, which in a very short time effected so great a change for the better, that she continued them, and the whole family were restored to health and strength. Further she desires me to say, that she has witnessed their extraordinary virtues in those complaints incidental to children, particularly in cases of Measles and Scarlatina, having effected positive cures of these diseases with no other remedy. (Signed) S. GOWEN.

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Asthma the Bowels kinds Lumbago Worms of all
Bilious Com- Consumption Fits Rheumatism kinds
plaints Debility Gout Scrofula or King's Weakness from
itchings on the Dropsy Head-ache Evil whatever cause
Skin Dysentery Indigestion Sore Throats &c., &c.
Bowel complaints Erysipelas Inflammation Tic Douloureux
Colic Jaundice Tumours

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N.B. Directions for the guidance of Patients are affixed to each Box.

JUST PUBLISHED—SELECT SONGS AND PIANO-FORTE PIECES FROM JULLIEN'S GRAND OPERA, "PIETRO IL GRANDE."

A "Grand Opera" from the hand of M. JULLIEN was to be desired and to be expected. We now have it in a form that does not disappoint us; and self-interest, in looking to the future, as well as gratitude in looking to the past, might alone induce the English public to help forward, with their hearty countenance, a man of genius who is advancing earnestly into his proper sphere.—*Britannia*, 21st August, 1852.

Vocal Music.	Poetry.
<p><i>andantino</i> LAMENTO.</p>  <p>Oh! Heav'n! hear my pray'r, hear my pray'r! Spare, oh, spare one for - lov'n.</p>	<p>O Heav'n! hear my prayer! Spare, oh! spare One forlorn, Left to mourn, With no heart her woes to share! Ah, me! Far from home Forced to roam, Hope on earth</p> <p>None have I, Save to lay me down and die! Once hope was shining o'er me, And pleasure smiled before me, Each day did joy restore me, And life flow'd gently by! But hope now hath flown, And life's last light is gone!</p>
<p><i>amoroso</i> ROMANZINA.</p>  <p>Leave me not! leave me not, with-out one kind word or sigh!</p>	<p>Leave me not, leave me not, Without one kind look or sigh! Thou, my star and treasure only! Wanting thee, my life were lonely Leave me not, leave me not, Or leave me here to die!</p> <p>O stay! O stay!—One moment stay! Perhaps this hand I press In death's cold grasp may soon remain! Those eyes no more may bless My soul with light again! Leave me not! leave me not!</p>
<p><i>andantino</i> MARITIME MELODY.</p>  <p>Be-lov'd Zaar - - - - dam! fair smil - - - - ling home! whence peace and joy</p>	<p>Belov'd Zwaardam, Fair smiling home! Whence peace and joy Ne'er seek to roam!</p> <p>The heav'n unites With earth and sea, A Paradise To make of thee!</p>
<p><i>andante</i> SCENA.</p>  <p>Fare - well, Fare - - - - wall, thou humble cot -</p>	<p>Farewell, farewell, thou humble cot, These hands with pride have toil'd to raise! On earth to me, what other spot Can lend the charm of tranquil days?</p> <p>Beneath thy roof no fears I knew, Nor anxious thoughts with me did dwell; We part—this heart remains with you, My humble cot, farewell, farewell!</p>
<p><i>nobile</i> ROMANZA.</p>  <p>Oh, hear be-lov'd master, hear! The friend who long has serv'd thee well,</p>	<p>Oh! hear beloved master, hear The friend who long hath served the well. Unto his words, oh! turn thine ear, Nor against his fervent prayer rebel.</p> <p>Awake from this hour's fatal dream; The voice of an empire obey! The light of her glory beseech, And turn not from her hopes away!</p>
<p><i>andante</i> ARIA.</p>  <p>Yes, thou'rt gone, and gone for ev - - - er.</p>	<p>Catherine, I know not where to seek thee; In vain on thee I call! The guests in crowds assemble, And gladness reigns around. Yet 'mid the gay and glittering throng</p> <p>Their Emperor hopeless pines. An Emperor!—Yet, ah! why? If I alone must sigh And dream of joys no more! ***** Yes, thou'rt gone, and gone for ever!</p>
<p><i>martiale</i> NATIONAL HYMN.</p>  <p>Sons of Rusland fam'd in story, Firm of heart, sincere, un - - - - changing,</p>	<p>Sons of Rusland famed in story! Firm of heart, sincere, unchanging, Ne'er from truth or valour ranging, Honour's star still shines before you!</p> <p>Zeal and patriot love that souls make strong Peace and freedom for your cause have won! While high gallant deeds all nation's own, Shall fame resound your power and glory!</p>
<p><i>allegro</i> COSSACK WAR SONG.</p>  <p>With ruth - - - - less sword we strike the foe.</p>	<p>With ruthless hand we strike the foe! Our home is on the battle plain, Where groans arise 'mid heaps of slain! Death to all—no mercy show! When the cannon roars around, And deep thunders shake the ground, Thro' the flame and smoke we ride Dealing death on every side!</p> <p>And should some trembling wretch, With lifted hand, for pity pray, And plead for wives and babes, Left sad and lonely, far away: Shall we, to softness mov'd, our ma - shame? No, 't is—</p>
Instrumental Music.	Opinions of the Press.
<p>QUADRILLE.</p> 	<p style="text-align: center;">From the TIMES.</p> <p>M. JULLIEN'S new opera, <i>Pietro il Grande</i>, was represented for the third time on Saturday night. The music improves on closer acquaintance—a strong testimony in its favor. Instead of three encores there were four, on both occasions; and on both the audience remained till the end. There is, to speak faithfully, much to admire in <i>Pietro il Grande</i>. In the first act, the choruses of sailors and <i>viandanti</i>, the madrigal, the <i>serena</i> of Peter, and the Muscovite hymn: in the second, the banquet scene, including Menzikoff's drinking song, and Rossomak's Cossack war-song, the quartet, duet for Catherine and Peter, and septet; in the third, Catherine's prayer, Leizer's romance, with double-bass <i>obligato</i>, and the dramatic scene for Rossomak & the conspirators; these, with the waltz and <i>Hollandsche</i> (act 1), and the <i>marzuka</i> (act 3), are fair proofs of M. Julien's talent as a dramatic composer. That the opera, having so many good things to recommend it, will be M. Julien's favorite with the public, can hardly, we think, be doubted.</p>
<p>VAISE HOLLANDAISE.</p> 	<p style="text-align: center;">From the EXAMINER.</p> <p>Our space compels us to give but a brief account of the details, and we must content ourselves with merely mentioning the chief musical features. The choruses of the dockyard behind the scenes, is extremely pleasing; and Madlle. Anna Zerr's opening cavatina, "O mio gentili," is gracefully well written, and the variations written for a <i>voce d'eccezione</i>, light and sparkling. A madrigal, "In sen dell' anis," was recommended, and after it comes the great feature of the opera, a hymn, "Di Muscovia letti di," in which on a Russian melody, which was sung by Signor Tammerlik and the chorus. This, also, was most unanimously encored. In the incidental ballet, Julien has introduced a waltz which eclipses all his former Terpsichorean productions.</p>
<p>MAZURKA.</p> 	<p style="text-align: center;">From the LITERARY GAZETTE.</p> <p>M. JULLIEN'S <i>Pietro il Grande</i> was at length brought out at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday, the delay having added to the public curiosity concerning as event so novel. The performance has proved that M. Julien is capable of higher employment than as a leader of light Terpsichorean harmony. No one has ever disputed M. Julien's great taste both as a melodist and harmonist, or his original talent for musical composition in short pieces. His astonishing fertility of idea, and facility in metre and rhythm, which is the charm of occidental, as well as poetical combinations, were universally acknowledged; but his astonishing capacity in these respects created a presentiment amongst you every-day critics that here was his forte, and that, if he tried a higher flight, he would break down. Just as it was said how could Moore, however "sweetly attuned," enter into the lists with Scott and Byron, it was said how could Julien enter the lists with the authors of <i>Manfred</i> and <i>The Prometheus</i>? He has done so, however, and though resembling none of his compeers, has proved himself as genuine poetical blood as either of them.</p>
<p>PULTAVA MARCH.</p> 	<p style="text-align: center;">From the MUSICAL WORLD.</p> <p><i>Pietro il Grande</i> was repeated on Saturday and Tuesday, for the third and fourth times. The success of the last performance was greatly superior to any of the preceding. Indeed, the attendance on Tuesday was one of the most brilliant and fashionable of the season—despite the time of year, when the town is nearly empty—and the reception of the opera throughout was nothing short of enthusiastic. Julien was recalled after each act, and the favorite pieces, the Madrigal, Russian Hymn, and Quatuor, were encored with vehemence. The weekly journals have proved themselves strong in faith and appreciation, as may be gathered from the notices we have supplied elsewhere. The success of <i>Pietro il Grande</i> is beyond all dispute, and we have no doubt it will prove, for many years to come, one of the most attractive operas in the splendid repertory of the Royal Italian Opera.</p>

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.—ON WEDNESDAY NEXT, FEBRUARY 9, will be performed, MENDELSSOHN'S HYMN OF PRAISE and MOZART'S REQUIEM. Vocalists—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. Lawler. The orchestra, the most extensive available in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 double basses) nearly 700 performers. Tickets, 5s., 6s., and 10s. 6d. each. The Subscription is one, two, or three guineas per annum, and in each of the past three years, included 11 concerts. Parties now entering will be entitled to two tickets for the above performance. Tickets obtained and subscriptions received at the Society's office, No. 6, in Exeter Hall.

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PROGRAMME, SATURDAY, FEB. 5, at half-past Eight:—Quartet in D, No. 10, Mozart; Sonata, with the Funeral March, Beethoven; Quintet in A, Mendelssohn; Trio in E flat, Op. 100, Schubert; Solos, piano-forte, C. Halle, who will arrive expressly for this concert. Executants—Molique, Mellon, Goffrie, Webb, and Piatelli. A few sofas remain reserved for parties of five. Single Tickets for non-reserved places and gallery, 7s. The three remaining concerts will be given on Thursdays, at which Pauer, Halle, and Maillie. Claus will perform. For other particulars apply to Cramer and Co., Treasurers, Regent-street, and

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London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington-st., Publishers to the Queen.

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